

Good Morning 573

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

PROJECTING A BRIGHT SUGGESTION FOR P.O. KEN BANKS

STUART MARTIN relates how a Society Clergyman fell from grace
to forgery and died at Tyburn

Condemned Parson shut Cell Door of Escape

I KNOW of only one instance in which a man convicted and sentenced to death refused to escape from prison when offered an apparently watertight plan his friends had concocted. That man was a clergyman, convicted of forgery.

Forgery, you must know, has always been an offence on which the law sat hard. It was a capital offence for centuries. Why, when a Bill was brought into Parliament by Samuel Romilly, in 1810, to abolish capital punishment for stealing five shillings' worth of goods, it was thrown out by the House of Lords.

The most bitter opponents of the Bill were the lawyers,

the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice. Lord Ellenborough pictured terrible things happening "if any attempt was made to alter laws which a century had proved to be necessary." Those were his words.

It was the same with forgery. No guilty person could then hope to escape the gallows which hanged the culprit in public. Indeed, it was the public, not the lawyers, who caused the law to be changed. Many witnesses withdrew from the prosecution altogether. Some pleaded they "could not remember." Even the bankers often compromised with the culprit rather than send him to

the scaffold for small forgery. In the years between 1805 and 1818 there were 207 executions for forgery. Tyburn did great business.

It was before this date—to be exact, in 1777—that Dr. Dodd, the clergyman I have mentioned, fell from grace. He was a cultured man, had been a Wrangler at Cambridge, and was well known for his charitable work in London.

He was one of the promoters of Magdalene Hospital, and also of the Humane Society, and was for some years chaplain-in-ordinary to the King. Old Lord Chesterfield selected him as tutor for his son.

But Dr. Dodd lived extravagantly. He was ambitious, too, and wanted the valuable cure of St. George's, Hanover Square. He tried to get this by what was termed "backstairs" methods. He wrote to a Lady of the Court and offered her £3,000 if he was presented. That killed him socially.

The letter was handed over to the King (George III) and Dodd was struck off the list of his chaplains.

By this time, owing to his way of living, many debts had accumulated. It is recorded that, in order to make money, he "descended so low as to become the editor of a newspaper." He got lower than even that.

He was so sorely pressed by creditors that he forged the name of the new Lord Chesterfield (his old pupil) to a bond for £4,200. Some usurers would not accept the bond, but one, a Mr. Robertson, did. When the bond was presented for payment, Lord Chesterfield repudiated it. Both Robertson and Dodd were arrested. Robertson was later set free.

Dr. Dodd at once tried to make restitution, declaring that all he had wanted to do was to tide himself over a period, and the forgery was his only way of temporarily meeting claims. He had forgotten the bond would be presented so quickly. He returned £3,000. He gave a cheque on his bankers for £700, and a bill of sale on his furniture for £400, and altogether the entire £4,200 was made up.

But although this was done, Lord Chesterfield would not stir a finger to help the wretched clergyman, his previous tutor.

Arraigned before a jury, it took only five minutes to decide Dodd's fate. He was sentenced to death.

Dodd's friends, and the public, took up the case and pleaded for some reduction of the rigid sentence. Petitions, one drawn up by Dr. Johnson, were sent to the King and Queen. The Lord Mayor of London and the Common Council went in a body to St. James's Palace to beg for mercy.

They didn't get any—and the reason really was that two men had previously been executed for a similar offence, although there was considerable evidence that the two were innocent. If those two were executed, why should Dr. Dodd be treated more leniently?

The execution took place at Tyburn. It has been stated in some records that Dodd preached his own funeral sermon. That is not quite accurate. What really happened was that he delivered an address to his fellow prisoners in Newgate Prison while waiting for execution. He chose the text from Psalm li, 3, "I acknowledge my faults; and my sin is ever before me."

That sermon was delivered when the petitions for him



We called at 340, Bishopsford Road, Morden, Surrey, to get a story from your wife, P.O. Ken Banks, but when we left we had a vague suspicion that the bulk of this message came from her father.

We did find out that the family spent a very quiet Christmas, and enjoyed the company of Aunt Nan and Uncle Bob. While your wife was thinking of what to tell us, her father took over the role of the interviewed, and related what he had done at Christmas.

When we had sorted out everything he had told us, we realised that the Angel he had been talking about was the pub you will probably remember, and that Harry was the manager of the said tavern!

It appears that we were not the first news hounds to inter-

view your wife, Ken. She showed us a local paper, which you will no doubt receive in due course, which included an article on the local Gaumont. Their reporter had interviewed the Gaumont's assistant projectionist; yes, we do mean your wife, and a good job he's made of it, too.

By the way, your wife adds that if you still need a projectionist wherever you are now, will you please send for her? Sounds to us like a suggestion you might take up.

Mrs. Banks finished her message to you, Ken, by saying that it was very strange without you at Christmas, and she hopes it will not be long before she can prepare the celebrations for your homecoming. Until then she sends you all her love, Ken.

ALL IN THE PICTURE for A.B. Leslie Yeates



WE found all your family at home when we called at 49, Northway, Wallington, Surrey, A.B. Leslie Yeates.

There was your mother, your three sisters, Freda, Muriel and Audrey, your nephew Tony, and niece Ann. We also met your brother-in-law, Arthur, who, when we asked what relation he was to the family, said he was your boozing partner!

He asked us to let you know that the Rose and Crown is still his favourite haunt. It was then that Mother told tales out of school, when she said that Arthur and Dad had drunk so much at the Christmas holiday that the place had had to close! Ann is concentrating rather hard on the camera in the photograph, isn't she, Les?

Like all photographers, "Fuse" Wilson told her to "watch the birdie," and the rather strained expression is the result. Ann afterwards complained that she couldn't see the birdie, which just goes to show that you can't please everyone.

You remember that chicken that used to strut around the back garden? Well, you will probably not be surprised to know that it was killed for Christmas, but was rather tough, we hear.

The family had a nice time at Christmas, although they missed you, of course. Your father was on ambulance duty most of the holiday, but he did find time to help Arthur support the Rose and Crown. Mother added that it is a bit dry at home just

now, but that she is looking forward to that bottle you are bringing home.

Your sister, Muriel, asked us to let you know that she has now got the key of her house and will shortly be moving back. The repair men have done a lot to mend the damage the house sustained, but, says Muriel, the front door looks like paper.

We had to get your home news in rather a hurry, Les, for the day we chose for our visit coincided with the day the family chose for a visit to the pantomime at Croydon Empire.

We fancied the grown-ups were looking forward to their visit just as much as the children, so in order not to detain them any longer, we got their love and kisses for you, Les, and left them to it.

As was usual then, those who were considered bad malefactors were chained, some to the floor, some to the wall. Dr. Dodd was chained to the floor. But the servant had brought a file and had been able to saw through the chain. The Doctor thought this act was merely to give him more comfort.

Then, on the day appointed for the plan to operate, the woman arrived. She donned the wig and gown, she handed over her cloak, and begged Dodd to make his way out in safety.

Dr. Dodd refused. He told the woman that he would be no party to the escape. He pointed out to her, also, that even if he did escape, misconception would be put upon his act; and the same would apply if he failed to get outside the prison.

It was a terrible scene in that cell; the weeping servant begging her master to go, the master begging the woman to go. She pictured to him how his friends were waiting outside and would see that he would never be caught. All arrangements had been made on that score.

Yet Dr. Dodd remained obdurate. And he was hanged.

We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

WANGLING WORDS—512

1. Insert consonants in *O**A**Y and *I*A**Y and get two districts in France.
2. Here are two Irish towns whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
NILLEB — STAFBUD.
3. If "depend" is the "pen" of reliance, what is the pen of (a) Swings, (b) Clothes, (c) Hanging?
4. Find the two British railways (initials) hidden in: Drink this—it will nerve you for the job and stop you going wrong.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 511

1. HANOVER, SAXONY.
2. HENRY—ALFRED.
3. (a) Atone, (b) Astonish.
4. Hall, C-or-rid-or.

JANE

Jane has found a romantic old castle outside the deserted German village...



JUST MEAT

(Continued from Page 2)
"An' it's fat!" Jim exclaimed irrelevantly and with joy.
"I'm sure tellin' you, Jim, it's fat. I'm plum' anxious for another look at 'em."

Unconsciously the two men quickened their pace. Yet they did not relax from their caution. Twice they changed their course in order to avoid policemen, and they made very sure that they were not observed when they dived into the dark hallway of a cheap rooming house down town.

Not until they had gained their own room on the top floor did they scratch a match. While Jim lighted a lamp, Matt locked the door and threw the bolts into place. As he turned, he noticed that his partner was waiting expectantly. Matt smiled to himself at the other's eagerness.

"Them searchlights is all right," he said, drawing forth a small pocket electric lamp and examining it. "But we got to get a new battery. It's runnin' pretty weak. I thought once or twice it'd leave

me in the dark. Funny arrangements in that house. I near got with triumphant complacency. "I lost. His room was on the left, an' ain't begun yet."
"I told you it was on the left," Jim interrupted.
"You told me it was on the left," Matt went on. "I guess I larger than those in the first hand-know what you told me, an' there's the map you drew."

Fumbling in his vest pocket, he drew out a folded slip of paper. As he unfolded it, Jim bent over and looked.

"I did make a mistake," he confessed.
"You sure did. It got me guessin' some for a while."
"But it don't matter now," Jim cried. "Let's see what you got."

"It does matter," Matt retorted. "It matters a lot... to me. I've got to run all the risk. I put my head in the trap while you stay on the street. You got to get on to yourself an' be more careful. All right, I'll show you." He dipped loosely into his trousers pocket and brought out a

handful of small diamonds. He spilled them out in a blazing stream on the greasy table.

"That's nothing," Matt said with triumphant complacency. "I

From one pocket after another he continued bringing forth the spoil. There were many diamonds wrapped in chamois skin that were larger than those in the first handful. From one pocket he brought out a handful of small cut gems.

"Sun dust," he remarked, as he spilled them on the table in a space by themselves.

Jim examined them.
"Just the same, they retail for a couple of dollars each," he said.

"Is that all!"
"Ain't it enough?" the other demanded in an aggrieved tone.

"Sure it is," Jim answered with unqualified approval. "Better'n I expected. I wouldn't take a cent less than ten thousand for the bunch."

"Ten thousand," Matt sneered. "They're worth twice that, an' I don't know anything about joolery, either. Look at that big boy!"

(More to-morrow)

Answers to Puzzle Parade in No. 572

Answer to Young Charlie.

28	9	20
11	19	27
18	29	10

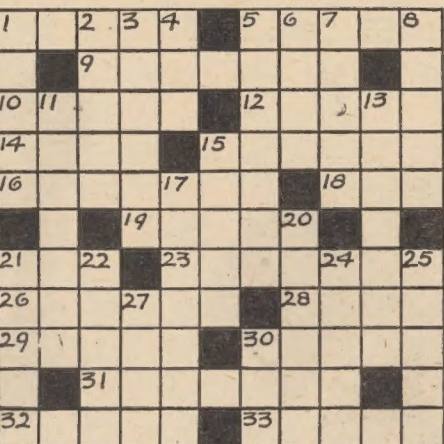
And, of course, Dad was 57.

1. Wireless waves are electro-magnetic waves like light, but sound waves are quite different. ("Wireless" and "light" can be interchanged.)
2. "V" can be written in a

continuous line; others cannot.
3. Both are crystalline, dissolve in water, white or transparent, non-poisonous, obtained from natural sources, used in cooking, obtainable at grocers.
4. 7 persons. (Father, mother, son; mother's two brothers and their son and daughter, respectively.)

65	41	23
31		45
24	35	61

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Game of skill.
5 Province of India.
9 Fish.
10 Good relations.
12 Cotton goods.
14 Young animal.
15 Piece of meat.
16 Hassock.
18 Piano lever.
19 Floats.
21 Dog.
23 Frog larva.
26 Gun attendant.
28 Surface extent.
29 Bring on.
30 Herbage.
31 Chemist.
32 Headless pin.
33 Encounters.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Colour. 2 Space of time. 3 Recent. 4 Willy. 5 Renounces. 6 Fat. 7 Stem. 8 Stale. 11 Indian wind. 13 Sharp rocks. 15 Tree. 17 Of letters. 20 Not dense. 21 Went to and fro. 22 Parrot. 24 Hold forth. 25 Relaxes. 27 Sandy mound. 30 Room for exercise.

SCRUFF SEAM
HOE ALBERTA
APIARY WREN
MIND EDNA O
O ZERO TAR
MUTED VIALS
ASH GOES B
D EVER LAID
DANE DUENNA
EXCITES TOM
REEL REVISE

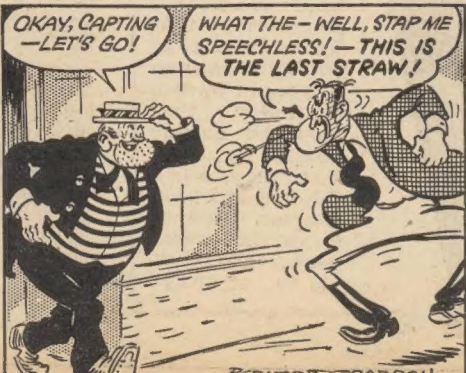
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



PHIZ QUIZ



He won tons of money (on and with). He's played in farce and films. His stage partner usually loses his trousers before the final curtain falls. (Answer to-morrow.)

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 572: Harry Wragg.

ANNE CRAWFORD

ANNE CRAWFORD, who was placed under contract to Gainsborough Pictures in April, 1944, was born in Haifa, Palestine, on November 22nd. She was educated in France and Scotland, where her father kept an hotel. Anne began her association with the stage very early when she wrote, produced and acted in her own play at the age of ten.

Hailed as a child prodigy, she was not spoiled, but took acting seriously, and joined a repertory company for thorough training. On the stage, she has appeared in "Sally," "Rebecca," and "Lot's Wife," among other plays.

In 1942 she made her film debut in "They Flew Alone," and was immediately put under contract by Warner Brothers for a series of films, beginning with "The Petrified Diamond," "Night Invader," and "The Dark Tower." "Millions Like Us" was her first film for Gainsborough, and she has since appeared in "2,000 Women" and "They Were Sisters."

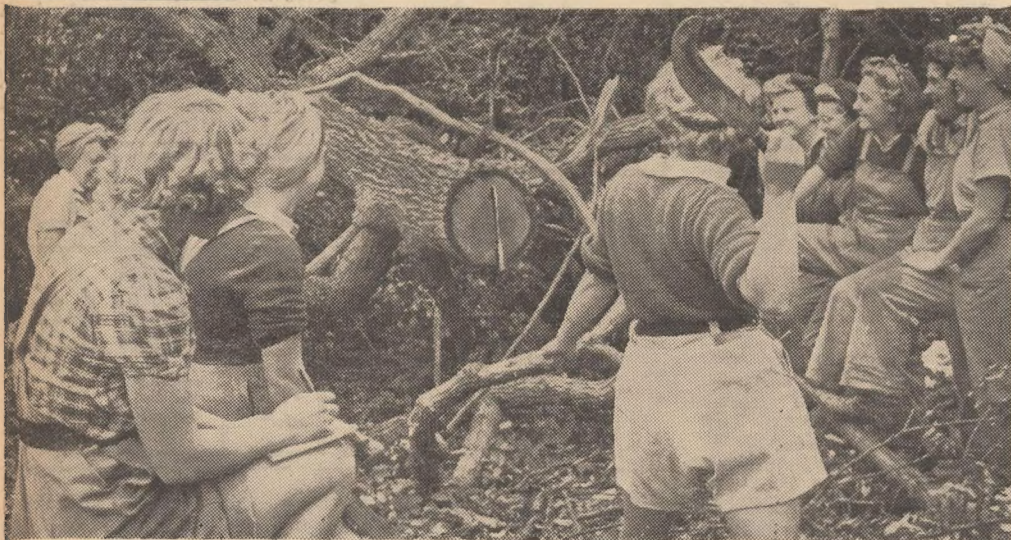
Anne Crawford is a beautiful girl, of medium height, with green eyes and very fair hair. She is a keen rider and skater, and her favourite vacation is yachting.

When she is not too busy filming she writes poetry and plays. She is unmarried.

Dick Gordon

Good Morning

David MacLellan (Mac, to you, from now on), who takes many of the "Good Morning" pictures, tells us that these poppies, whose job is cutting wood for charcoal burning, are Dead-eye Dicks at throwing the bill-hook. So don't tell us that we didn't warn you!



WHY EVER DOES ONE SAY
"POOR" FISH!



Bing Crosby gives us the choice of "swinging on a star," or "growing up to be a fish!" We hereby proclaim that we're more than willing to be a fish if we can have a guarantee that we'll be quickly landed by Gene Tierney, 20th Century Fox bait-dangler. And to think that some fish actually struggle to get away!



"He follows her to school each day" — but this time it's not against the rule, for Rex is the schoolmistress's dog. Rex, you can bet, quickly became the kiddies' favourite at this school, near Boston, in Lincolnshire. The children give Rex the dregs of their mid-morning milk — so the children have quickly become Rex's favourites, also.



HOME IS WHERE YOUR HEART IS — and this picture of Easington, Co. Durham, spells Home to L/S. G. W. Calvert, of "Severn." If you want to see a picture of YOUR home-town in "Good Morning," just drop us a line. We'll do the rest — and happy to do it.



The office Zoo Man swears these birds are Marabou Storks. That be hanged for a tale — they're just Darby and Joan to us!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Resting-up between chimney raids — if you ask me."

